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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Voyage to Senegal in 1816; undertaken by order of the French Government: comprising an Account of the Shipwreck of the Medusa, &c. 8vo. pp. 360.

THE fatal wreck of the *Medusa*, and a series of horrors almost unparalleled in the history of human sufferings which ensued thereafter, are generally known through the medium of the newspapers, which at the time were filled with the circumstances of that dreadful story, and of the *Quarterly Review*, which gave so excellent an analysis of the first edition of the work in our title. We should therefore have abstained from our present subject, had not this new edition brought to light some curious facts relative to the interior of Western Africa, and the French establishment at Senegal, and furnished topics of scarcely inferior interest to those which have already attracted such universal regard.

By the treaties of 1814-15, the French settlements from Cape Blanco to the Gambia were restored to that country, and the *Medusa* and three other vessels sailed to take possession of the cession in June 1816. On the 2d of July the *Medusa* stranded with 400 souls on board. The recital of the ignorance and misconduct which led to this catastrophe, are in the French style, but sufficiently natural to convey an afflicting picture of the consternation which ensued. On the 5th, the Frigate having broken in two, about 150 persons embarked on board a raft which had been prepared; 35 were put on board the barge; 42 in another boat; 28 in the captain's barge; 88 in the long-boat; 15 in the smallest boat; and 25 in an eight-oared boat, which was to be left for the service of the port at Senegal. Seventeen poor wretches were left to their fate in the wreck, of whom only three survived when a vessel came to their rescue: The boats soon forsook the raft, which became the theatre of the desperation and wickedness and misery so well known to the public. Only fifteen souls remained at the end of thirteen days, the rest being either swept off by the sea, destroyed in contests

VOL. II.

for sustenance, or thrown overboard by their stronger companions, in order to leave a larger supply of support for the survivors. Hell itself could not display more diabolical passions than were manifested, or deeper guilt than was executed on this little floating theatre of desolation. Five died of fatigue shortly after arriving at Senegal. Of the boats, two reached port in safety; the others were forced by the weather to make the land, and it is the adventures of their crews which form the newer portion of this volume to which we shall turn our attention.

From the long-boat 63 of the most resolute were landed with arms to the north of Cape Merick, 80 or 90 leagues from the settlement, which they marched to seek along the sea-coast. The crews of the great boat, the Senegal port boat, the smallest boat, and 25 men from the long-boat, debarked about half way nearer St. Louis, where they arrived on the 13th, after enduring much hardship during the five days they wandered over the barren desert. But the adventures of two of the sixty-three before mentioned, form the most curious recital of this calamitous expedition. They had about 90 leagues to traverse of the burning waste of Zaara. Having met with some Moors, they took them for guides, and the main body, after long marches and the cruellest privations, reached Senegal on the 23d. Some, however, perished for want; while others, having strayed from the mass, were carried up the country to the Moorish camp, where one officer remained a month; and two others, the naturalist Kummer, and a M. Rogery, were forced to wander with the Moors for a considerable period ere they could rejoin their companions. The first horde which the former met was commanded by Prince Fune Fahdime Muhammed, son of Liralie Zaide, King of the Trazas, of whom a portrait is prefixed to the volume. The naturalist was astonished at the care bestowed by these people on their cattle.

The horses and camels were in a separate place, and the whole flock was on the borders of a salt pond; behind them, the slaves had formed a line of fires of great extent, to drive away the mosquitoes and other insects, which torment these animals: they were all remarkably beautiful.

Their manner of cleaning them is remarkable. Upon an order of the Prince, the men, charged with this employment, take the strongest oxen by the horns, and throw them down on the sand with astonishing ease; the slaves then take the animal, and clear its whole body from the insects, which, notwithstanding the fires that surround the flocks, get among the hair of the cattle, which they torment cruelly. After this first operation, they are washed with care, particularly the cows, which are then milked. These various operations generally employ the slaves, and even the masters, till eleven o'clock at night.

The poor traveller was stripped of every thing during his first sleep; and tormented while awake to give accounts of the French revolution, intelligence of which had penetrated even to the Desert: Children of five or six years of age wrote Arabic perfectly well, and in the characters of this language the stranger traced on the sand the history he was so often required to unfold. On the second day M. Rogery was brought to the same camp by another party, and in the evening they arrived at the camp of King Zaide, who was however absent, having gone to the coast to look after the wreck.

Of the customs and appearance of this tribe—

They observed that the children imperiously command their fathers and mothers; but especially the latter, who never oppose their inclinations.—The Moors are, in every respect, much superior to the negroes: braver than they are, they reduce them to slavery, and employ them in the hardest labour. They are in general tall and well made, and their faces are very handsome, and full of expression.

There seemed, however, to be two distinct races of Moors; one of a nobler aspect, and the other smaller, with different features.

They hunt lions, tigers, leopards, and all other ferocious animals, which abound in this part of Africa. Their commerce is in furs or skins, and ostrich feathers: they manufacture the leather called basil, in French *basane*, which they prepare very well: they make this leather into pocket-books.

They also dress goat-skins with the dried pods of the gummiferous acacia, so as to afford when joined together, not only a complete defence against the rain, but a beautiful species of dress. Goldsmith's work is performed by tra-

velling workmen with a hammer, little anvil, and bellows resembling the bag of a bagpipe. These also are the armourers.

But their chief commerce, which is very extensive, is in salt, which they carry to *Tombuctoo*, and to *Sego*, large and very populous cities, situated in the interior of Africa. *Sego* (adds our author) is built on both sides of the river Niger, and *Tombuctoo* not far from its banks, the former about 500, and the latter about 600 leagues east of the island of Goree. The Marabouts (priests) who are almost all traders, frequently extend their journeys into Upper Egypt.

We should have been glad if this information had been somewhat more precise, and the sources whence it was derived, particularly stated.

King Zaide was of a lofty stature, had an open countenance, and three large teeth in the upper jaw, on the left side, which projected at least two lines over the under lip, which the Moors consider as a great beauty. He was armed with a large sabre, a poniard, and a pair of pistols; his soldiers had zagayas, or lances, and little sabres in the Turkish fashion. The king has always at his side his faithful negro, who wears a necklace of red pearls (*beads*, we suppose) and is called Billai. Zaide received the two whites kindly. - - - He ordered Mr. Kummer to relate to him the events of the last French revolution; he was already acquainted with those of the first.

His majesty pretended to administer the laws with the utmost justice and impartiality; as a proof of which he related an anecdote of two of his princes fighting a duel (legal in Africa) in which his personal friend was thrown down and stabbed to death in his presence, without his interfering. The whites were soon conducted safely to St. Louis, and we have rather too much of the personal complaints of the authors, who accuse the French officers, the English governor, and their own government at home, with the greatest acrimony, paying only a grateful tribute to poor Major Peddie, and Mr. Campbell, who succoured these unfortunate men previous to setting out on their own fatal expedition.

Towards the close of the volume there is a brief but good account of the settlement at Senegal, with a portion of which we conclude our remarks on this unequal, ill-translated, sometimes tiresome, always thoroughly Frenchified, but yet, from its matter, very interesting work.

The population of St. Louis, situated on an island formed by the river Senegal, amounts to about 10,000 souls, the majority

of whom are Mahometans. It is placed on a bank of scorching sand, and little cultivation is to be seen. On the Isle of Sor, to the East, cotton and indigo grow naturally, and together with mangoes and mimosas, the magnificent baobab, or *adansia*, the elephant of the vegetable kingdom, is found. This tree often serves the negroes for a dwelling, the construction of which costs no further trouble than cutting an opening in the side to serve as a door, and taking out the very soft pith which fills the inside of the trunk. The tree, far from being injured by this operation, seems even to derive more vigour from the fire which is lighted in it for the purpose of drying the sap by carbonizing it. In this state it almost always happens that the bark, instead of forming a ridge at the edge of the wound, as happens with some trees in Europe, continues to grow, and at length covers the whole inside of the tree, generally without any wrinkles, and thus presents the astonishing spectacle of an immense tree recompleted in its organization, but having the form of an enormous hollow cylinder, or rather of a vast arborescent wall bent into a circular form, and having its sides sufficiently wide asunder to let you enter into the space which it encloses. If casting our eyes on the immense dome of verdure which forms the summit of this rural palace, we see a swarm of birds adorned with the richest colours, sporting on its foliage, such as rollers with a sky-blue plumage, senegalls of a crimson colour, *sou-mangas* shining with gold and azure; if advancing under the vault, we find flowers of dazzling whiteness hanging on every side; and if in the center of this retreat, an old man and his family, a young mother and her children, meet the eye:—what a crowd of delicious ideas is aroused at this moment! - - - The leaves, when dried, are converted into the powder *lalo*, with which the natives season almost all their food. They employ the roots medicinally inwardly, and its gummy bark for disorders in the breast,—they make cataplasms of the parenchyma of the trunk for cutaneous diseases,—they use the pulp of its fruit as an astringent beverage,—they regale themselves with its almonds,—they smoke the calyx of its flowers instead of tobacco,—and often by dividing into two parts the globulous capsules, and leaving the long woody stalk fixed to one of the halves, which become dry and hard, they make a large spoon or ladle.

Thus does one astonishing tree serve for residence, food, drink, medicine, household utensil, and luxuries of several kinds. But we have copied enough to shew, that besides the appalling narrative of the wreck of the *Medusa*, and of the conduct of the human serpents which issued from her, readers will find much to gratify them in the perusal of the other portions, especially in the Notes, of this publication.

A Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the arrest of M. Marinet. By Lord Kinnaird.

This pamphlet has excited so much public interest, that we consider a short notice of it expedient, though we are not in love with politics. The facts of the case to which it relates are simply these:—*M. Marinet*, a person who had escaped from a former condemnation to death by a prevotal court in France, and was residing in the Low Countries, communicated to Lord Kinnaird, that a plot was in agitation against the life of the Duke of Wellington, respecting which he could make such discoveries as would defeat the infernal purpose. Upon this his Lordship entered into a correspondence with the illustrious Duke and the French Police, the result of which was an offer “to treat with the Informer,” which being shewn to his Lordship by the British Secretary of Legation, he deemed it a sufficient guarantee for the security of *Marinet’s* person, and thereupon proceeded with him to Paris. After being a few days at Paris, *Marinet* was arrested as a *particeps criminis*; and against this alleged breach of safe-conduct Lord Kinnaird reclaims.

Viewing the question, as we think his Lordship must have done, we consider his argument as well founded. The passage of the letter shewn to him was either an assurance of safety, or nothing; and as it is impossible that *Marinet* could be considered from the beginning in any other light than as an accomplice, no posterior discovery of this fact could justify a forfeiture of the implied indemnity. It might be rash and precipitate to trust to so vague an expression, but still it was trusted to, or the assassin would have remained where he was, out of danger, at Brussels, and not have thrown himself into the lions’ den at Paris. But here our sanction ends. What, as a sound piece of reasoning, raises our opinion of the logician, displays the noble author in a most unfavourable light as a man. We have often lamented the effects of faction in perverting the best minds and obscuring the brightest intellects. We care not to which side the balance turns, but equally deplore those party passions whether ultra-royal or ultra-liberal, which, as all strong party passions do, destroy the perception of truth, and annihilate the purer feelings of humanity. Had not Lord Kinnaird laboured under this miserable delusion, what would he

have done? Let any man ask his own bosom, what he would do if an outlawed convict approached him to make him the confidant of a projected murder? Would he treat with him, make terms with him, endeavour to procure pardon for him, protect him, and travel with him? Or, would he seize the ruffian by the throat, and hold him, gasping, till he could deliver him over, on his own confession, to justice, or to a mitigated sentence of the pains of law as the reward for ample and unreserved disclosures? We will not aggravate the error of the contrary course, by dwelling on the glory and value of the individual whose life was threatened in the present instance; on the circumstance of his being a countryman, the pride and saviour of his country; on the degradation of the informer, whose very office in this event, if we are to apply the rule of detestation alike to all informers, was another stain upon his criminal and already infamous character. Unfortunately for Lord Kinnaird, his understanding was so blinded, that instead of the direct and manly line, he forgot himself so far as to hold communion, parley and bargain, with the murderer; and when in this devious path he becomes, as was to be expected, entangled amid the labyrinth of his own error and his associate's guilt, he raises his voice in accusation of the errors and guilt of others. We have already said, that we think his argument not easily to be refuted; and if this be so, how much more does his situation enforce the important lesson to mankind, That there is only one road to respect, tranquillity and happiness—the plain and open road of noble candour, firm integrity, and immovable truth!

An Inquiry into some of the most curious and interesting subjects of History, Antiquity, and Science, &c. &c. By Thomas Moir, Member of the College of Justice, Edinburgh. 12mo. pp. 274.

This book has one great merit: it is the least of a book-making concern that we have seen for a long time, and contains a great deal of curious matter within a small compass, and at a small price. The principal subject on which it treats is—the state of Religious Houses in England before the Reformation; there are also, a disquisition on the Julian year, new style, the solar and lunar systems; an account of the origin of the most renowned orders of

knighthood; and many inquiries into the ancient customs of sepulture, ancient architecture, and the foundation of ancient cities.

On the first of these various topics, contained in the first chapter, we now proceed to give a short analysis:—

Before the dissolution of monasteries in England, 27 Abbots, sometimes 29, and 2 Priors, almost all Benedictines, held Baronies and seats in Parliament. We have now 24 Bishops and 2 Archbishops, English; 3 Bishops and 1 Archbishop, Irish—so that, in regard to number, the ecclesiastical *peerage* is pretty much *in statu quo*. In the older parliaments, the Abbots were those of St. Albans, Glastonbury, St. Austin's Canterbury, Westminster (the richest of all,) Winchester, St. Edmund's Bury, Ely, Abingdon, Reading, Thorney in Cambridgeshire, Waltham, St. Peter's Gloucester, Winchelcomb also in Gloucestershire, Tewksbury, Ramsey Huntingdonshire, Bardney Lincolnshire, Crowland, St. Bennets in Hulf Norfolk, (the last Abbey in England, being transferred to the Bishoprick of Norwich by Henry VIII.) Peterborough, Battle in Sussex, Malmesbury, Whitby, Selby, St. Mary's York, Shrewsbury, Evesham, Cirencester, Tavistock, and Hyde in Winchester. These were the mitred Abbots: the Priors were those of Coventry, and of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

The revenues of the Clergy were laid at one fourth part of the revenues of the kingdom in the 27th of Henry VIII.; but more impartial writers calculate the amount at less,—varying from one fifth to one tenth. All the Cathedral Priors in England, except Carlisle, were of the Benedictine order. In Scotland there were 84 Monasteries, Cloisters, and Nunneries.

It is worthy of remark, at a period when a subscription is on foot, and a parliamentary sanction given to the building of new Churches, that there are now only 10,192 churches, 1,551 chapels, forming 10,421 benefices to a population of 9,940,339; whereas before the reformation there were 45,009 churches, and 55,000 chapels! Has religion fallen off more than ten per cent?

Passing for the present over the second chapter, which treats of the Calendar; and the third, which offers a brief history of Oxford and Cambridge Universities; we select the *materiel* of the fourth, on the Institution of Academical degrees.

The *General Study* of Paris was founded by Charlemagne about the year 800, and this Institution was patronized by his successors, especially Louis le Gros (the VI.) inasmuch that about *ann.* 1200 it was called the *University*, from the whole circle of sciences being there taught. *Ecolatres*, or Scholarships, were, for the encouragement of learning, added to the enfranchisement of students from feudal vassalage; and academical degrees were introduced for the purpose of

licensing persons to teach in the Cathedrals: From this public *license* these persons were called *Licentiates*; and soon after the degree of Master or Doctor was framed, in conferring which a wand or *Bacillus* was delivered, whence the name *Baccalaureus*, Bachelor, afterwards made a distinct title.

As this is a publication of a most discursive sort, we leap from the origin of degrees to the origin of writing:—

The most ancient manner of writing was a kind of engraving, whereby the letters were formed in tablets of lead, wood, wax, or like materials. This was done by styles made of iron, brass, or bone. The Papyrus was first used in Egypt—afterwards parchment, made of the fine skins of beasts, was invented at Pergamum; and lastly, paper manufactured from linen cloth. Books were anciently writ only on one side, and done up in rolls; but this being found very cumbersome and inconvenient, they were next written on square leaves and on both sides. S. Cassian was a christian schoolmaster, and taught children to read and write at Imola, 27 miles from Ravenna. During one of the persecutions, probably of Decius or Valerian, he refused to sacrifice to the gods, and suffered martyrdom from his own scholars, who were forced to stab him to death with their iron styles.

We have our Bell and Lancasterian Systems as an improvement on the mode of tuition, but that mode itself is very different from what was practised from the earliest times to the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The master then delivered his explanation like a harangue; and the pupils retrained as much as they could, taking down notes to help their memory. Teaching was carried on by lectures; and at the era we are speaking of, the studies requisite to qualify a person for lecturing occupied fourteen or fifteen years, so that the youngest teacher was generally about 35 years old.—Among the miscellaneous matters through which we are thus unconnectedly conducting our readers, we find this notice of a subject which has recently attracted the public:

Purgations by *single combat* of the accusers and accused were instituted by the Burgundians, introduced in England by William the Conqueror, and continued later than Henry III. though always condemned by Rome. *Gerdil Tr. des Combats singulim.*

Elsewhere we read—

FEUDAL SYSTEM.—Feudatory laws were unknown to the world till framed by the Lombards in Italy, the first authors of feudatory laws and principalities. Pepin and Charlemagne began to introduce something of them in Germany and France, where they were afterwards exceedingly multiplied in the reigns of weak princes, and by various accidents,

THE GAMUT IN MUSIC.—Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1009, was the inventor of the Gamma *ut*, or gamut, and the six notes, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, which syllables are taken from the three first verses of the hymn of St. John Baptist, *Ut queant laxis*, &c. Guido says—I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas, till now, a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years.

GIBRALTAR.—Roderic having dethroned and pulled out the eyes of Vitiza, the Gothic king of Spain, and excluded his children from the crown, usurped himself the throne in 711. Count Julian, the most powerful nobleman in Spain, invited the Moors or Saracens from Africa into Spain, to revenge an insult offered to his daughter by Roderic. Mousa, who was Governor of those Saracens, sent first 12,000 men under a general named Tarif, who easily possessed himself of Mount Calpe, and the town Heraclea, which these Moors from that time called Gibraltar, or Mount of Tarif, from this General, and the Arabic word Gibel, a mountain.

We shall now take our leave of the author, whose quaint style, belief in demonology, hostility to promiscuous dancing, and other peculiarities, have entertained us much. His publication is an odd medley; but our extracts will demonstrate, that it is not one which is destitute of amusing research and valuable information.

Baron Gerning's Travels in Austria and Italy.

We resume our extracts from this interesting volume with the account of

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

Assuredly the Queen has a noble heart and a fine understanding. At the age of fifteen, in the bloom of life, she shed tears of regret on quitting the frontiers of Germany; and she wept for joy when in 1790 she again returned to her native country.

Und Germania stolz weinet dir Königin
Tränen freudigen danks—weintest du ihr nicht
auch

Wonne-zähren, als du ihre geliebtere
Grenze wieder entückt betrast?

For thee, O Queen, proud Germany sheds tears
Of grateful gladness—And dost not thou
Shed tears of joy, as her loved strand thou see'st,
And on her soil again enraptured tread'st?

So the poet sung of her who is worthy of his song. Possessing an enlarged and liberal mind, she disregards all petty forms of courts and distinctions of ranks, and extends her favour only to those who deserve it; for her noble heart and elevated spirit teach her to take a great and comprehensive view of every thing. She was at first persuaded of the necessity of the French revolution, and said, "I think they

are right;" but when the tranquillity of other countries was threatened by French adventurers, when new scenes of horror were daily exhibited, and when the royal family became the victims of popular frenzy, her opinion experienced that change which those dreadful events were calculated to produce.

On the subject of the peace of Naples she observed: "If the conditions be honourable, and we cannot actively cooperate, we must conclude it. *I am a Neapolitan and a Cosmopolitan.*" When her future biography was spoken of, she said, "I shall have every thing stated as it really occurred. There will perhaps appear some things worthy of praise, and others deserving of censure. To the susceptibility and vivacity of my character, many precipitate actions may be attributed, which have cost me much regret; but at all events they had their origin in kind feelings and good intentions. Though I have lived upwards of thirty years in Italy, I still possess a German heart."

The Marchioness di Santo-Marco, her friend, possesses an affecting drawing, which was sketched by the Queen herself when the melancholy recollections of mortality hovered around her with the spirits of her deceased children. Her offspring, in various situations and actions, are collected round a simple sepulchral monument, on which are inscribed the following words: "*Maria Carolina, Madre di una numerosa famiglia qui giace. Pace Eterna.*" Lower down appear the words: "*Fuit la tua vera e sincera amica.*"

She made the following remarks concerning Gorani's accusations; since the appearance of which it has been fashionable to mistake the character of the Queen. "What calumny! Such language could only be dictated by a base heart! and it deserves to be despised and forgotten. To me it is a sufficient consolation that I neither feel nor merit it. I have calmly perused the farrago twice, and I am only astonished that the book should have been read and circulated in Germany, where I ought to be better known: yet I rejoice that soon after its appearance it was condemned by unprejudiced men acquainted with my real character. I regularly receive all the new publications which appear, particularly in Germany, concerning the present state of affairs. I likewise read the malignant satirical works against sovereigns, &c.; but they indeed afford comfort to my mind; I live consoled by the inward conviction of having conducted myself as well as I was able, and only wish for an impartial judgment after my death. Nothing of this kind can now disturb me, but will rather serve to confirm me in my principles."

On the subject of Madame de la Roche's "Resignation," she observed, "I am astonished at the exalted and enduring virtue of Eugenie, and those through whose medium she speaks. She who can represent mankind in so perfect a light must indeed be a perfect being."

The Queen manifested great judgment and discrimination in her remarks on the

best literary productions of Germany. She expressed her astonishment at the present race of Germans, and called them the Comptrollers of Collected Knowledge.

She augmented an interesting Album with the following lines: "With pleasure I add, in our dear mother tongue, my name to so many worthy and celebrated names, with the assurance of my eternal gratitude and love for Germany."

In her libraries at Caserta, Naples, and Portici, the greater part of the books are in the German language, and at Caserta she has a separate room built for them, with the inscription, "My beloved native country." Speaking of her German books, she said, with her accustomed vivacity, "I am like a miser, though I cannot enjoy and study them all, yet I am delighted at the thought of possessing them."

From taste, as well as love for her native country, she prizes the literature of Germany even before that of Italy: the Italians cannot take offence at this. She reads Filangieri's works; she likewise admires and cultivates the pictorial art, and whilst she was Arch-Duchess executed three copper-plate engravings. She invited Angelica Kauffman to her court, styled herself "her grateful pupil," and likewise placed the princesses under her tuition. She shews equal favour to Hackert and Tischbein, however much court parties may intrigue against them. She rises early, examines all the dispatches, and makes spirited and pointed observations upon them. When the King is in the country, she dines at one o'clock with her family; at other times she dines at 12, as the King is fond of riding out in the afternoon. After dinner, whilst other persons of the court are wasting their time in sleep, she usually reads or draws. She devotes the evening to writing, and passes a short time before supper in amusing herself with her children. She scarcely ever devotes more than five or six hours to sleep. Her health has been much impaired by over-exertion, and still more by the severe shocks of fate, which within a few years has deprived her of her brother and sister-in-law, as well as her own brother and sister.

She generally closes her letters with expressions of acknowledgment. Like all her sisters, she is generous, liberal, and full of sensibility. She frequently distributes money and bread among the people, and regales the soldiers, particularly the Germans, who look upon her as their mother. On the departure of the French ambassador, Bombelles, she directed one of his children to be brought to court, and allowed it to play with a beautiful pocket-book with which it was pleased; she afterwards gave the child the pocket-book, which contained an order for a pension to Bombelles' family.

Every one may freely approach and converse with her, wearing swords, according to the old fashion. She addresses her attendants in a familiar style, and in a soft tone of voice. Of her thirty-six Ladies of Honour, only two are on duty every afternoon through the week, and the rest only

on court-days. The Queen is present at every council of state, and delivers her opinion in a decided and judicious manner. Her memory and judgment excite universal admiration. She writes with elegance, clearness and precision, for the most part in Italian and French, though occasionally in German; and she laments that the present system of education has occasioned the study of her mother-tongue to be neglected. The Emperor Joseph jokingly said, "My dear sister writes more than my whole cabinet." She strongly resembles her immortal mother, but surpasses her in taste for philosophy and in religious toleration. The religious works which she and her German court most esteem, are those by Mosheim, Jerusalem, Sturm, Spalding, Zollikofer and Herder. Her present father-confessor is an intelligent capuchin. Rainer, her secretary, is a man of penetrating mind. The Queen is fond of conversing with men of learning, and investigating their opinions. She intended to invite Necker, to arrange the finances; but with many natural resources, he would have had to encounter more difficulties here than in distracted France!

An experienced and upright man, named Lalo, superintends her private treasury, and annually distributes the sum of 60,000 ducats among the poor. None but meritorious individuals enjoy the confidence of the Queen. Among them is particularly distinguished the widow of Filangieri, an accomplished woman, a native of Austria, and the Duchess Giovane, at present in Vienna, whom, after her separation from her husband, the Queen invited to reside at the Court. Some persons endeavoured to persuade the Queen, that for the maintenance of the throne the strictest precautionary measures were necessary: "But we are no tyrants," said she. Though a Queen, and the daughter of an Emperor, she is always dressed in a style of simplicity. She cannot endure to see her female friends and attendants painted. With the King she lives in a state of domestic confidence and happiness. Nothing affords her so much pleasure as to spend an evening with her children, when the business of the day is at an end. In considering the character of this sovereign, we may justly exclaim—

Was doch ist die geburt? Verdienst und Tugend
allein ist
Was den menschen mit macht über die menschen
erhebt.

What is high birth? 'Tis merit and virtue's
praise,
Man above man in changeless rank to raise.

BRITAIN, or Fragments of Poetical Aber-
ration. By Mrs. M'Mullan. 8vo.
pp. 109.

Mrs. M'Mullan is a persevering poetess; always patriotic and right-minded, generally easy and pleasing, frequently halting, and sometimes aspiring to a high rank in her composition. This is

a farewell work, though only part of an extensive plan—"a Metrical Survey of the British Isles," which the authoress announces she has relinquished the hope of realizing. It consists of various poetical views of different parts and features of our native land, and has several episodes descriptive of personal adventure in love and war. These we are sorry to find too long for our bounds, and must therefore content ourselves with a passage of more universal application, as a specimen; to which we shall add two other extracts relative to Scotland and Ireland; which together will afford the public a fair opportunity of forming an opinion upon the merits of this production.

Lives that cold being who never knew
How souls can thrill when souls are true?
Is there an eye contemptuous closes
On young Love's blooming wreath of roses?
Is there a nerve that never felt
When Truth has sighed and Honour knelt—
When Love was life, when life was Love—
A pure chaste lustre from above;
Not that false phantom, dress like Joy,
First to mislead and then destroy,
To lure the senses, break the heart,
And bid lost Innocence depart—
Oh, no! Love dies in arms impure,
But lives in Virtue's breast secure.

The moral is, we fear, better than
the versification: but we journey on to
SCOTLAND.

Hail, Caledonia! though bare hills be thine,
Though round thy temples no soft myrtles twine,
Though at thy feet spread no luxuriant vine—
Yet through thy land the soul of Freedom glows,
Born 'mid the storm and nurtured in the snows.
Oh! in that land where Wallace nobly bled,
Where valour oft the heart's last drop has shed;
Where the rough Highlands sheltered Learning's
ghost.*

From the last crush of an invading host;
Where Bards, half-veiled by mist, of freedom
sung,
And clans re-echoed in the mountain tongue,
Gave the full pibroch to the listening vale,
And warm'd the ardent spirit of the Gael;—

In her praise of Ireland the authoress
is equally warm; and it may be proper
to remark, that Mrs. M'Mullan's is by
no means a querulous muse; it rarely
or never censures, but perfumes every
object with poetic incense

Never did Erin greet with aspect cold
A needy wanderer from the Muses' fold;
But in her huts displays the humble store
That marks her spirit, though it speak her poor.
Convivial circles, round her peat-warm'd hearth,
To many a tale and many a song give birth,
While strangers mingle in the mirthful lays,
And Feeling pours the tributary praise.

Though joys once hallow'd bloom no more,
Though faithless friends forget—
Though Fancy deem her blisses o'er,
Though Hope's bright star were set—
My parting tear shall dew the day,
My heartfelt sigh shall grateful say
Farewell Erin!

More gilded scene, more studied grace,
May smile on other coasts,
And Art more polished feature trace,
Than simple Erin boasts;
But Love adorns, Friends think her sweet,
And weeping Echo will repeat
Farewell Erin.

Love's fragrant incense still may rise
From every cottage thatch;
An odour welcome to the skies,
Though wealth disdain the latch;
Friendship will wake the trembling string,
When doom'd in other isles to sing
Farewell Erin.

* 'A vile phrase' for spirit.—Ed.

Mémoires secrets sur Lucien Buonaparte.
2 vols. 8vo.
(Continued.)

Our notice of this work last week
broke off with the account of Lucien
Buonaparte's first starting the idea of
his brother divorcing the sterile Jose-
phine—ten years before that measure
was carried into effect. His scheme
for a second wife, formed when he was
ambassador in Spain, is thus detailed.

Lucien's election fell on Isabella, second
daughter of the king, sixteen years of age,
and now hereditary princess of the two Si-
cilies. Having communicated his design,
and developed his plans to Napoleon, they
were instantly approved of, and Lucien
himself formally empowered to open his
high negotiation. The good king, Charles
IV. was not long in ceding the rights of his
family, and all consideration of personal
dignity, to his blind admiration of that
great man. He thought it was for the
best interests of Spain, to renew the
close alliance of the two countries, which
existed in the time of Louis XIV. and his
Grandson. The Queen, seduced or over-
come, also yielded; and every thing was
arranged, so that Napoleon, in preserving
the title of Consul, should declare his
power hereditary. Matters were in this
state, when Madame Buonaparte, from
whom it had been entirely concealed, whe-
ther by some indiscretion on the part of
her husband, or the revelations of Fouché,
discovered the whole affair. Her influence
over Napoleon was well known; this she
derived from her sedulous attentions and
unvarying deference to his will. Her
efforts were redoubled on the present oc-
casion, when, in addition to tears and entrea-
ties, she not only sent Hortensia to move
the First Consul, but suggested a variety of
political fears as likely to arise from the in-
tended union, and finally carried the day.
Instead therefore of the last signature,
which was hourly expected at Madrid, the
ambassador received a positive order to
break off the negotiation altogether. Foam-
ing with rage, Lucien had no sooner read
the dispatch, than, collecting all the corres-
pondence relative to this important affair,
he flew to the palace, and shutting himself
up with the King and Queen, submitted the

whole of his conduct to them. Their Catholic Majesties made no hesitation in distinguishing it from that of his brother, directing all their anger and indignation against Napoleon.

In Spain, Lucien levied monstrous contributions for the private uses of himself and family. Portugal paid 30 millions of francs, which found its way chiefly into private chests. He also began to form his fine gallery of pictures; and the capital works of Ribeira, Morillos, and other Spanish masters, were collected with avidity. A prize taken into Malaga also enabled him to plunder the stores of the British Ambassador coming from Constantinople. He lived with outward republican simplicity, but his luxury and prodigality were boundless, and he lavished immense sums on his pleasures, as well as in corrupting the nobles of the country. He had a little court of his own, consisting of Felix Desportes, his brother-in-law Bacciochi, Arnault the dramatic writer, Sapey, Le Thiers the painter, and others; the latter was indebted to his patronage for the appointment of Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Rome, and was the person consulted in the formation of his gallery. The following anecdote will shew the terms on which they lived:—

The Spanish ladies, less volatile than those of France, but more impetuous in their amours, and warmly attached to their lovers, of whom they were extremely jealous, did not by any means relish the ambassador's capricious wanderings. One of their husbands, who heard there was an intrigue going on between Lucien and his wife, was so much out of humour, that he shut the frail fair one up in a convent, and sent a challenge to the lover, who being naturally brave took up the gauntlet, and accepted the defiance: but his friends having persuaded him that it was beneath the dignity of one who represented so great a nation to risk his life for such a trifle, M. le Thiers proposed to replace his friend, and accordingly, on the next day, this modern knight-errant bravely proceeded to the field of battle, there to await the enraged spouse. Scarcely had the latter arrived at the scene of action, when looking eagerly around, he asked where was his adversary: "Here I am!" replied Le Thiers, in a haughty tone. "You," said the Spaniard, "I don't know you, Sir! and a gentleman of my rank is not going to debase himself by entering the lists with a person of your condition; I must see the ambassador himself, and be assured he shall be found." On saying this he re-entered his carriage and drove back to Madrid, where he was about to publish the outrage he had experienced, when the Court, which saw this affair in a much more philosophical light, sent him to

a distant country seat, there to cool the ardour of his agitated feelings.

Lucien being replaced by Gouvion St. Cyr, returned to Paris in the end of 1801, and in the March ensuing was made a member of the Tribunat. Here his political labours were again conspicuous, and the Corcordat, and Legion of Honour, either originated with him, or were indebted to his talent for their completion. Of the latter he was made Grand Officer, and one of the seven members of the Council of Administration, and in this quality took his seat in the Conservative Senate, which put an end to the semblance of discussion and legislative government in France.

Lucien was now a widower, and very rich: his sister, Bacciochi, presided in his domestic establishment, and the most scandalous insinuations are thrown out respecting their intimacy. The lady, however, having taken a fancy to M. Fontanes, adopted him as a lover, and went to reside in the fauxbourg St. Honoré. This amour was the foundation of M. Fontanes' fortune, as another amour was of the rise of the present Princess of Canino. Lucien and his sister were great amateurs of private theatricals, and performed tragedies at Senlis, where the licentiousness of their associations and habits was unrestrained. The Count de la B— and Lucien were intimate; the former had a mistress named Madame Jouberteau, whom, in one of their orgies, he exchanged for the mistress of his profligate friend. Madame J. had a son to Lucien, or, as the Parisians asserted, to his hanger-on, one Châtillon; but be that as it may, he determined to marry the mother, thus thwarting the views of Napoleon, who wished to ally him to the Queen of Etruria. The rage of the First Consul was unbounded when informed that in spite of his endeavours to prevent it, this marriage had been solemnized. The *ci-devant* Madame Jouberteau, notwithstanding her Asiatic beauty and grandeur of appearance, turned out to be a very mean and shabby personage. She is accused of robbing Lucien's daughters by his former wife, Lolotte and Lili, of their diamonds, &c. in order to produce a portion for her own daughter, Mademoiselle Anne Francheschi, and of being guilty of many other paltry actions. These proceedings further incensed Napoleon; and as Lucien used his influence to support Jerome in his short resistance to the behest of his more powerful brother, and

also to induce Joseph to refuse the Vice-royalty of Italy, which was in consequence bestowed on Eugene Beauharnois, he was ordered to quit France, and went to Milan in April 1804. From Milan he journeyed to Rome, where he lived in great state, visiting only foreign princes and persons of the highest rank. Cardinal Fesch had previously tried to bring about a reconciliation, for which Madame Letitia the mother was very earnest, Lucien being her favourite child; but as he would not repudiate his wife at the command of Napoleon, the treaty fell to the ground.

When Joseph was raised to the throne of Naples, and Napoleon visited Italy in the height of his power and glory after the treaty of Tilsit, an interview was brought about at Mantua; but Lucien, still firm to his purpose, resisted all temptations to divorce his wife, and the end of an angry discussion was a proposal on the part of the Emperor, to provide suitably for his two nieces (the offspring of the first marriage)—the eldest being intended for the Prince of Asturias. The political catastrophe of Spain however prevented this match, and Ferdinand VII. was reserved for another destiny. It is stated, and appears from future circumstances likely to be true, that Lucien was hostile to the measures taken against the Pope, and the spoliation of the Roman territories. It was frequently expected that Tuscany, or Naples, or Sicily, would be converted into a kingdom for him; but others were preferred in every change, and the breach became wider between him and the despot, till at length, after a short residence at Florence, he retired with his family to Canino, 25 leagues from Rome and six from Viterbo.

Canino formerly belonged to the Farnese Family, and having afterwards fallen into the national domains of the apostolical chamber, as a dependency of the Duchy of Castro, Lucien bought it at a very reasonable rate, about a year before his quitting Rome. The Senator seemed desirous of settling on this extensive tract, which, even in its present uncultivated state, was very productive. In addition to a great deal of pasture land, which insured a good revenue, there was a large quantity of timber on the estate, all which advantages it was the intention of Lucien to improve. This property gave the owner no right of jurisdiction over the adjacent town, which bears the same name, and containing a population of nearly twelve thousand souls, which is generally increased during the winter months, by mountaineers who descend with their flocks to feed on the neighbouring

pastures, for agricultural purposes, or to work at the iron foundries. The influx of strangers which takes place at this season of the year gives a most animated appearance to Canino, and seems to remind the traveller of those patriarchal days, when whole tribes were in the habit of periodically changing their place of abode. A kind of manor house had been formed from the remains of the old Castle, but this was small, very much neglected, and badly distributed. It was therefore necessary to hasten the repairs so as to make it capable of receiving the Senator's family, which had in the mean time taken up its abode in different parts of the town. No sooner had Lucien examined the state of his lands, than all his attention seemed directed towards rural and agricultural pursuits. Dressed in a coarse woollen coat and thick shoes, whole days were passed in visiting his domain, and superintending the workmen employed in various parts of it: he generally carried a fowling-piece, which was used in going along, without his often taking the trouble of descending from the vehicle in which he rode, to pick up the game.

He wonderfully improved this domain, became exemplary in his religious duties, and with all the zeal of a virtuoso, added classic and antique research, literature, and the fine arts, to the more common concerns of building and agriculture.

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR MARCH, APRIL, AND MAY, 1818.

Many of the articles in these Numbers being continued from one month to another, it appears to be the most convenient way to take them together.

- I. 1. *Annuaire* presented to the King by the Board of Longitude of France, for the year 1818; and 2. *Connaissance des Temps*, &c. published by the Board of Longitude, for the year 1820.

Enlightened persons, says M. Biot, who appreciate things by their real value, and not by the vague ideas of merit which vulgar opinion often ascribes to them, will not be surprised to see an almanack placed at the head of this article; because nothing is to be despised which is addressed to a great number of persons. If almanacks are of all books the most diffused, the most common, the greater care must be employed to compose them well. Among the positive results of our sciences and our civilisation, those must be chosen, the utility of which may become general, and inserted for circulation in these popular books. In the *Annuaire*, besides the usual component parts of an almanack, as the calendar, the eclipses, and phases of the moon, the other most remarkable celestial phenomena are given, calculated for Paris: it contains besides much useful information on many subjects of daily occurrence. In short, the *Annuaire* is the almanack of

enlightened persons, and there is cause to be surprised that so many essential things have been introduced into a volume in 18mo. of 180 pages.

The *Connaissance des Temps* is so well known to the astronomer and mariner, that it is unnecessary to dwell on the merit and importance of that learned publication. Among the more interesting articles, we find that M. Delambre has improved his well known tables of the Sun, and of Jupiter's satellites. M. Bouvard has furnished, after the same analogy, those of Saturn and Jupiter. M. Burckhardt has constructed tables of the Moon, which for exactness are nothing inferior to those which have hitherto been considered as the most perfect, and abridged the calculations by the half: the same astronomer has engaged also to give new tables of Mercury, Venus, and Mars. The Board of Longitude not only endeavours to improve this important part of practical astronomy by the labours of its own members, but it also publishes the calculations of other astronomers, when it has convinced itself that they merit the confidence of observers. Thus we find in this volume, tables of the planet Vesta, calculated by M. Daussy. They contain not only the elliptical motion of that planet, but also the numerical value of the perturbations which it experiences from the other planets, so that they determine its position with an exactness comparable to that which we have a right to expect for the planets which have been the longest known. In the additions to the volume are many very interesting memoirs: one composed by M. Laplace is on the length of the pendulum beating seconds: M. de Prony describes an ingenious contrivance for regulating pendulum clocks.

Among the merely astronomical researches are some highly interesting. Such, for instance, are the *Observations on the Planet Uranus, made by Flamsteed in the year 1712*, sixty-nine years before Herschell discovered the proper motion of that planet, and added it to our system. M. Burckhardt has discovered those observations in Flamsteed's collection, where they are noted as belonging to a fixed star. Another observation of the same star had already been found, which was made by Flamsteed twenty-two years before; others had also been found, made by Bradley, Le Monnier, and Mayer. M. Burckhardt has also inserted in this volume the calculation of several small inequalities pointed out by theory, but which has not yet been introduced into the tables of Jupiter and Saturn. He has given some remarks on divers peculiarities in the appearance and motions of several stars; and lastly, a comparison of the orbits of various comets, which their resemblance may cause to be taken for the same, seen at different times. Many other orbits of new comets have been calculated by M. Nicolet, after observations made at Paris by M. Bouvard, and at Marseilles by M. Pons. The volume concludes, as usual, with a kind of history of astronomy during the year.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE SECRETS.

"CONFESSIONS OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

On those "Confessions" of Frederic of Prussia, or "*Matinées Royales*," noticed in your Journal of May 9, allow me to trouble you with a few remarks, which may perhaps prove acceptable to some of your readers.

The assertion, in your pages, that the Prussian government exerted its authority to suppress the publication, is, I believe, perfectly correct, as it agrees with the information given to me, near thirty years since, by a Prussian officer, of whom I shall presently have occasion to make further mention.

The attempt, however, to suppress these "*Confessions*" (as they are now *new-named*) was but partially successful: for, notwithstanding the utmost care and exertions of the government, some few copies did escape the general destruction: and, of those few, I, at this moment, have one in my possession; the type, the paper, and the discoloured hue, all affording evident proofs of its foreign origin, and comparative antiquity. Its title is "*Entretiens sur l'Art de régner, divisés en cinq Soirées*," its date, 1766: and it was presented to me in 1789, by the Prussian officer above mentioned; who, however, did not assert either that it *was*, or it *was not* the genuine production of Frederic himself, but simply informed me that it had been privately printed at Berlin, and suppressed (as far as practicable) by the interposition of the royal authority.

But—whether actually penned by the supposed author, or written by some close and attentive observer of his conduct, and intended as a sly satire on his maxims both in theory and practice—the piece appeared to me sufficiently curious and interesting, to merit a translation into English. Accordingly, I published, many years since, an anonymous translation of it; not, however, as an independent, integral publication, but in successive monthly portions, as an article in a Magazine; from which circumstance, it may probably have escaped the notice of most of your readers.

However that may be, I have to observe, that, on comparing the extracts in your Journal, with the original piece in my possession, it appears to me quite evident that they are (with some interpolations) translated from another of the *preserved copies*, exactly the same as that from which I have translated. That they are from the same French, not from any German original or translation, may readily be discovered by the idiom in several instances, of which it is sufficient to notice this one. In page 297 of your publication, col. 2, we find the phrase "*render himself obnoxious to PETTY MISERIES*"—in the French, "*s'attachoit à de PETITES MISERES*"—which, however, there means, to "*regard, or attend to, pitiful MINUTIAE*"—an interpretation warranted by

the Dictionary of the French Academy, which says, "*MISERES se dit au pluriel, pour signifier des baguettes, des choses de peu d'importance et de valeur.*"

From the time when my translation was published, I had never bestowed a single thought on Frederic or his "*Entretiens*," until I saw them noticed in your Journal: but, now that the subject is thus conspicuously brought before the public, and it appears that a MS. copy of those same "*Entretiens*" has (under their new title of "*Confessions*" and "*Matinées Royales*") been recently offered to several of the London booksellers, as an *unpublished original*, and at a considerable price; I should feel myself tempted to publish the real French original, accompanied with a new and corrected edition of my translation, if (without the trouble of search or inquiry) I knew of any bookseller, who would consent to risk a trifling sum on the publication. But I beg leave to add, that I will not answer any letter on the subject, which comes charged with postage.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
and constant Reader,
JOHN CAREY.

West Square, May 15.

ABOMINABLE CRITICISM.

To the Editor.

I am a plain man, Mr. Editor, rather inclining in my political opinions to the popular side, and not easily disgusted with any excess, which, though not defensible, may yet be excusable; since the best of causes is not without blemishes. But I confess to you that every British feeling about my heart was roused to indignation by perusing the following comments upon the Exhibition at Somerset House, introduced among some common or partial trash on the same subject in the Number of the *old Monthly Magazine* just published.

"Sir Thomas Lawrence has eight pictures, and some of them are unquestionably the best in the collection; that of Lady Gower is a master-piece; that of the *Convention breaker* is deservedly admired as a painting—but it is deeply regretted, by every moralist, that so much talent should have been misemployed on so unworthy a subject."

"The sculptures are less interesting than usual; but the catalogue endeavours to atone for the dulness of the room by giving place to the vulgar opinions which Mr. Garrard has, as feebly as servilely, embodied in a statue made by order of the Commander-in-chief. All the baseness of political sycophancy triumphs, as usual, in the various designs for national monuments."

Sir, I am what is called an Oppositionist, but I am also an Englishman; and so vile and anti-patriotic do I consider the venter of this infamous slander (at a moment too when our Hero has just escaped the blow of a scarcely darker assassin) that I have not only prohibited his work from ever more entering my doors, but

In every honest hand would put a whip To lash the Rascal howling through the world.

I trust you will allow the small space I require to hold up such writings to the contempt and detestation they deserve. Z.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—On Thursday the 28th ult. the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. Rt. Tredercroft, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Mr. Edward Burton, Student of Christ Church; Rev. Henry Middleton, Demy of Magdalen College; Mr. John Penn Allen, University College; Rev. John Doyne, Brasenose College; Rev. Henry Dawson, Oriel College; Rev. Thomas Hill Lowe, Trinity College; Rev. Thomas Corser, Balliol Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—Mr. John Netherton Harward, Scholar of Worcester College; Mr. John Edward Willis, Demy of Magdalen College; Mr. William Deedes, Corpus Christi College; Mr. William Thursby, Oriel College; John Henry Abbott, Esq. Mr. Joseph Gould, and Mr. John Henry Hume, Scholars, of Balliol College; Mr. Charles Dupuis, Scholar, of Pembroke College.

The number of candidates to whom *Tes-timoniums* for their degrees were given by the Public Examiners, but who were not admitted into either of the Classes, inserted in our last Herald, amounted to 78.—*Oxford Herald.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

On Tuesday the 26th ult. we preferred being present at the annual distribution of the rewards for the encouragement of the peaceful arts, to the grand Review at Hounslow. The great room of Freemasons' Tavern was early filled with highly respectable company, and we were informed that many more had been obliged to go away, disappointed in obtaining admission. Notwithstanding the number of persons connected with the Society and the occasion, this crowding may certainly be received as an evidence of the deep interest taken by the public in the objects embraced by the Institution. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the president, being seated soon after 12 o'clock, Mr. Arthur Aikin, the secretary, read a paper which we might style an introductory report, for it reviewed the past proceedings of the Society, and prepared the way for those about to be carried into effect. This essay appeared to be ably and elegantly prepared. Many passages struck us at the time as eminently happy, but we could carry little more away in memory than its general impression. After noticing the periodical distribution of honourable rewards among the Egyptians, and comparing the present solemnity with those, the

worthy Secretary dwelt on the stimulus which such distributions were calculated to impart to aspiring talent. He then gave a historical sketch of the Society of Arts, and paid a feeling tribute to its original founders and friends. Thence he entered upon the subject of various improvements, either encouraged or animated by the approbation of the Society, and eulogized the individuals who from small beginnings had advanced those great improvements to their existing perfection. This view comprehended the state of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in Great Britain for about the last seventy years; and the Bridge-water Canals, the application of machinery to spinning, the steam engine, the manufacturing of iron, and other prominent circumstances, were elucidated and dwelt upon in a manner which conveyed at once delight and information. At the close, Mr. Aikin stated that 200 new members had been added to the Society since last year.

His Royal Highness then proceeded to deliver the prizes * into the hands of the candidates, accompanying each with a short and suitable address. The following are most worthy of being particularized:—

IN AGRICULTURE.—To Robert Haldane Bradshaw, Esq. M.P. of Worsley Hall, near Manchester, for reclaiming 294 acres of peat moss; the Rev. E. Cartwright, D.D. Hollenden House, near Seven Oaks, for comparative experiments on Manures; and Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart, M.P. for planting 845,500 Forest Trees, Gold Medals; and to R. Creyke, Esq. Dotterill Park, near Beverley, Yorkshire, for planting 164,580 Forest Trees, the Silver Medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.—To Ambrose Bowden, Esq. Navy Office, for a method of preventing and curing the Dry-rot in Ship Timber, the Gold Medal. [This award was followed by loud plaudits.]

IN POLITE ARTS.—To Miss J. T. Hamlyn, of Plymouth, for an original painting of Game, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. G. Gibbon, Sackville Street, for a drawing of the Townley Venus, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. H. C. Slous, Pantion Street, for a drawing of the Elgin Theseus, the Silver Palette; Mr. H. Edward, Percival Street, for a drawing of the Townley Homer, the Silver Medal; Mr. W. H. Davies, Plumtree Street, for a drawing of the Same, the Silver Isis Medal; Mr. C. Rolls, Bayham Street, Camden Town, for an outline drawing of the Farnese Hercules, the Silver Medal; Mr. T. Engleheart, Bayham Street, Camden Town, for an outline drawing of the Farnese Hercules, the Silver Isis Medal; Mr. A. Poynter, Lamb's Conduit Place, for a design for a Post Office, the Silver Medallion, in conformity to the will of the late John Stock, Esq.; Mr. C. H. Fowler, Millman Street, for a similar design, the Silver Isis Medal; Mr. T. Taylor, Bir-

* The whole number amounted to 6 in Agriculture; 1 in Chemistry; 35 in the Polite Arts; 1 in Manufactures; and 16 in Mechanics—total 59. We might perhaps remark, that the preponderance of the *fine* over the *useful* arts appears to be too great for this Society.—Ed.

mingham, for a model in wax of Her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. W. Plant, Fetter Lane, for an Enamel Painting, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. T. Merrifield, Princes Street, Bedford Row, for an original Model of Figures, the Gold Isis Medal; and Mr. G. Mills, Hadlow Street, for a Medal Die, the Gold Medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.—To the Widow of the late S. Brierley, Rochdale, for his Stretch for Woolen Weavers, Ten Guineas.

IN MECHANICS.—To Mr. G. Prior, Howard's Green, City Road, for a Machine to prevent accidents in descending Mines, the Silver Isis Medal; Mr. T. Lane, Stockwell, for a Turning Lathe, the Silver Medal; Mr. T. Lane, Stockwell, for a Ruler and Quill-holder, for those who have lost one hand, the Silver Medal or Ten Guineas; J. Conolly, Esq. Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, for a portable Telegraph; Lieut. W. Rodger, R. N. for a Plug for raising empty Casks; Mr. James Jones, Holborn, for improved Pulley Blocks; Mr. C. Hall, High Street, Mary-le bone, for a percussion Gun Lock; Lieut. Shulldham, R. N. for a new method of ballasting Vessels, Silver Medal; Mr. J. Ramshaw, Fetter Lane, for an improved method of heating Copper Plates, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. T. Cook, Plymouth, Midshipman, R. N. for a Night Life Buoy, the Gold Isis Medal; Mr. D. Ritchie, Clerkenwell, for an improved method of giving motion to a Pendulum, the Gold Isis Medal and Thirty Guineas; Mr. J. Park, Portsmouth, for a Mooring Block, the Gold Medal; T. Grant, Esq. Plymouth, for a Life Preserver in cases of Shipwreck, the Gold Medal; Mr. J. Clement, St. George's Fields, for an instrument for drawing Ellipses, the Gold Medal; Mr. Moses Somerford, Wolverhampton, for an improved Door Lock, Five Guineas; and Mr. J. Henlon, Wellbeck Street, for a Door Spring, the Silver Isis Medal and Five Guineas.

In this enumeration we may have omitted some pieces of merit in the branch of the Polite Arts, which, from their situation, we had not an opportunity of observing. This we shall be sorry for, as the young artists displayed generally very considerable promise. The drawing of the Townley Venus, and the Wax Model of the Princess Charlotte, caught our attention as very favourable specimens. In the Mechanical department we were not near enough to follow the explanatory details, but so far as we could ascertain, the *Night Life Buoy*, and the improved method of giving motion to a Pendulum, were eminently ingenious; and much praise was also due for the inventions of the Life Preserver, and the instrument for drawing Ellipses; while the Plug, Quill-holder, Pulley Block, and method of ballasting Vessels, were at once simple and excellent.

After the ceremony, H. R. H. thanked the visitors, and the meeting separated.

On the 25th of April the foundation of a

new Observatory was laid on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, by the Members of the Astronomical Institution of that city. At the dinner, after the ceremony, Professor Playfair observed, that the situation of Edinburgh was peculiarly well adapted, not only for the prosecution of the sublime science of astronomy, but for the determination of the great problem of refraction.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In the remarks we have offered on this Exhibition (an Exhibition far too extensive to be more than briefly and generally discussed in our pages during the six weeks it is open,) we have not sufficiently particularized Hilton's very fine picture of Una with the Satyrs, No. 291. This work is not only of the highest class of composition, but as admirable in execution as in conception. The subject is from the *Faërie Queene* :—

"So from the ground she fearless doth arise
And walketh forth without suspect of harm.
They, all as glad as birds of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dancing
round,
Shouting and singing all a shepherds ryme;
And with greene branches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as Queene :
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring."

It must be confessed that this is a charming poetical picture, and thence the greater difficulty of transferring it to the canvass. Yet Mr. Hilton has given us Spenser entirely. Una herself is the figure most questionable according to the rules of art. There is an unnatural coldness about such a mass of white in the centre of such a glow of colour. Some of the Satyrs are exquisitely painted—the one playing the pipe on the right hand, and he who is just descending from a leap 'like wanton kid,' appear to us to be as excellent as any thing of the kind ever painted. The landscape too is harmonious, and rich, and natural; the distance and the foliage on the foreground do equal honour to the artist's pencil. We trust that such a work, if it has not already been acquired by some amateur, will not be suffered to return from a national gallery into the hands whence it emanated—such a fate would be a sore disgrace to the patrons of the Arts. Almost opposite to this subject is the portrait of a Gentleman, Mr. Pyne (No. 242.) which we ought before to have noticed as one of the best likenesses we have ever seen from the pencil of Mr. A. J. Oliver. 235. A Swiss Cottage Girl, by J. Pocock, also merits favourable mention. Several clever Portraits by a young artist, J. P. Davis, deserve a like meed of praise; they not only promise well, but afford ample proof of present ability: the Portraits are, 136, Mrs. Barker; 383, Rev.

Mr. Penrice; and another, where it ought not to be, in the Antique Academy. No. 18, Portrait of Mrs. Gulliver, in her 104th year, by J. Ward, is distinguished for its characteristic representation of age—it seems *perfect nature*, if we may say so of *nature in decay*. There is a strange picture (No. 197) of an Artist and his Patron, by S. Drummond. We suspect it is a caricature, and that the artist has implicated himself in order to cover his hit at the Patron. We imagine the likenesses are good. As we are mentioning queer things, we may point out a very terrible portrait of Wordsworth the Poet, by R. Carruthers, No. 494. It looks as if the bard had got up with a sick headach, from the trimming of some confounded critic, who disliked the Lake School, and, to add to his distress, was attacked by a tree from behind. We recommend it earnestly to all young artists, to avoid the notion of trying to make their sitters look wise and thoughtful. If such be the habit of the individual, and the expression of countenance, it will present itself naturally; but we never yet saw the fact attempted without tumbling *headlong* into the ridiculous. There are indeed other adventures beyond the reach of the graphic art, and failure is the sure result of an endeavour to realize ideas by painting which belong to other means to communicate to the sense. Thus even the genius of Turner has failed in No. 263, where he has tried to pourtray the Poet's description of Waterloo :—

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal—sound of
strife;
The morn the marshalling of arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when
rent—
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial
bleat!

The sublime imagining of this fearful scene, and especially the last line, mocks visible representation. The mind can rest with awful delight on the very indistinctness and confusion of an idea; but painting must define it, and when defined it is nothing. Lord Byron, however, gives us a whole chain of consecutive ideas—every member of the verse is a picture. The mingled heap of carnage and fire, the massing of woe and death by the Poet, convey an obscure and dread sensation; but when we look upon the painter's work, we discover only a glare of red, and a number of shadows, which excite neither interest nor emotion. And this not from want of powers in Mr. Turner to treat the subject in the grandest style, but from the subject itself being above any style. There are, nevertheless, several fine parts in this work.

To resume our desultory critique: in the Anti-Room, 387, A Study, does infinite credit to the skill of Mr. Cleland. This picture, from its place, escaped our eyes for several visits, but when seen, we found our atten-

tion riveted to a very curious and clever production. It consists of an Owl, a Scull, and other matters, which are treated in an original and artist-like manner. In the Antique Academy we have great objection to the way in which the pictures have been disposed. Enamels, Paper-drawings, Miniatures, Fancy-pieces, &c. &c. are huddled together without order or method, and with so ill an effect that each particular branch is injured by the rest. For the Miniatures at least we would claim a separate allowance of wall-room, since altogether they do not occupy so much space as one of the prodigious portraits up stairs. But some are at a height to be invisible, others so low as to be unseen; and we think this the less excusable, because in the very middle of the place assigned to them, the chief parts are usurped to their exclusion by favoured water-colour drawings. This seems to be neither just towards the artists nor the public. We cannot quit this room nor our review without directing notice to Nos. 522, 526, and 527, Flowers, Birds, and Fruit, by A. Pelletier: the first and last are beautiful, the birds really an extraordinary performance—the feathers are absolute illusion.

In the Model Academy a very whimsical and malapropos cross-reading occurs on the Equestrian Statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Garrard. There is an inscription running round the Pedestal, which, by a strange break in the upper line, reads thus, on the principal side, "*All the Glory and Mock Imperial State of - - Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington!!!*" The intervening legend about Buonaparte is lost on the ends and opposite side.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This admirable Gallery continues to fix the regards of all the admirers of painting—the rooms become daily more crowded as report spreads the fame of a collection unrivalled in this, and perhaps of its kind, in any other country. Indeed we could expect nothing but such attraction from this store of well selected and treasured art, whence may be derived a knowledge of whatever characterizes the style of the different schools and masters, their mode of pencilling, colouring, composition, and the principles on which they wrought.

The Prince Regent, with his usual liberality and taste, has enriched the Exhibition with some of the finest specimens. The Landscape, by Both, No. 10, and the Assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens, are in the first style of these masters. The former has introduced the subject of Philip baptizing the Eunuch, into this exquisite piece, where the feathery lightness of the trees, without departing from nature, evince a degree of skill that never was surpassed. The forms are of the most elegant kind; the branches flung out with a studied negligence, yet marked with the utmost precision and truth. The scene, as in the generality of Both's productions, is romantic, the tints mellow and harmonious, and the whole displaying a brilliancy and spirit of pencil

which is absolutely enchanting. The Assumption boasts all the splendour of Rubens, and seems to justify in its action what was once said of him, that his pictures resembled the flickering of flame. In a word, it combines nearly all the great qualities of the master. Below it hangs the Battle of Maxentius, by the same hand, belonging to Viscount Ranelagh. This work was in the Orleans Collection, and is in Rubens' best manner. Nothing can excel the destructive impetuosity and headlong ruin of the combatants. From the struggle and carnage of war, we turn to the placid features of rural felicity—they are produced by the magic pencil of Cuypp. "View on a River, with Cattle in the foreground;"* in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. In this tranquil View, all is serene; the ruminating cattle, and the figures of some travellers, impart great interest to the distance which partakes of that peculiar colour which the artist is so fond of introducing, and which he manages with such wonderful effect, melting away into a horizon of amazing beauty. The plants in the foreground are marked with his usual truth of touch, and the whole composition is classically arranged; but as we shall probably take a more detailed view of this picture, we leave it now to conclude with a short description of 139, "The bloody garment brought to Jacob," by Rembrandt—the Earl of Derby's. Whatever may be deficient in dignity of character, or accuracy of the costume, there is in this performance an expression beyond all praise. It is the most natural and agonized state of mind, producing the most justly correspondent and appropriate action. The body of Jacob is thrown back, and the hands and arms elevated to their natural extent: here is no studied attitude, no robe displayed to magnify the form or draw the attention by its ample folds and attractive colour from the principal figure—you see nothing but the father and the fatal garment; the accessories are forced to keep their place, nor does the magic of the chiaroscuro or tone once obtrude till the first emotions of grief and sympathy have subsided. Not till then do we ask how this interest is produced. Expression is undoubtedly the master-key of the art; but the subject must be one in which our feelings can be engaged, since even martyrdoms, whether from their frequency of representation, or the association of supernatural support, do not affect the mind like an event of the tragic kind, which this painting so touchingly delineates. Could we offer a stronger illustration of our opinion in this respect than by referring to Mr. Watson Taylor's deliciously painted St. Apollonia, by Guido? Art can produce nothing more exquisite than the execution of this picture; yet who can behold with pleasure the representation of a lovely woman tied to the stake, while a dark executioner is preparing to tear out her tongue with pincers!

* By the bye, in a print from this Cuypp, it is called a View on the Maese, with the town of Maestricht in the distance.—Ed.

NEW GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBURGH.

The gallery of pictures in the Luxembourg Palace at Paris, which was stripped to complete the Exhibition in the Louvre after the Allies removed the plunderers from that famous collection, has been reconstituted with a few works of ancient and foreign masters, and a large number of the modern French School. Among its pictures are David's "Oath of the Horatii, Brutus after the execution of his Sons, and the Sabines," reckoned his chef-d'œuvre. The two former are seen to more advantage now, than when their hard outline, monotonous colouring, and dry composition, were contrasted with the flow, the brilliancy, and the richness of Rubens. The first was painted at Rome in 1786, during the artist's second visit to Italy; the latter on his return;—the Sabines in 1798. There is also his Cupid and Psyche, of which a critique was contained in a recent Number of the Literary Gazette. M. Regnault's Descent from the Cross is mentioned as one of the most distinguished paintings of the highest class. Three new pictures by Girodet, one by Guerin, and several others, are also noticed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SCOTCH SONG.

Dinnae look at me, my love,
I cannae look at thee;
Dinnae tell sic tales of love,
In whispers saft to me.
I maun nae smile, I can nae frown,
The tear is in mine ee;
And oft I weep, and sigh, to own,
My love thou canst nae be.

My mither chides fu' sair and lang,
If e'er I speak o' thee,
And says that Sandy's rich, and I
His bride alone shall be.
But I can never Sandy love,
My heart's nae langer free;
Too well my sighs and blushes prove
'Tis fix'd alone on Thee.

E. M. R.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

E'en in life's brightest scenes, where all are gay—
E'en where, thro' Nature's reign of sun and shade,
In chequer'd vest of Heav'n's own tints array'd,
The wanton Spring holds her glad holiday—
E'en in the silence of the twilight grey,
When Peace steals tiptoe o'er the slumbering vale—
That deathless form before me stands!—The gale
Laden with sweets—the bells that far away
Come sweeping o'er the waste—the glowing flow'rs—
The green boughs quiv'ring in the evening beam—
The young—the gay—the proud in beauty's bow'rs—
Instead of chasing her sad image, seem
But to recall those lov'd, those long lost hours,
When we were mock'd by Joy's fantastic dream!

*

ON J. F. DAVIS'S ADMIRABLE PICTURE OF
MRS. BARKER,

In the Somerset House Exhibition.

Her eye is downcast beauty, like some Star
That on th' horizon, till its hour is come,
Trembles in dewy light;—her braided hair
Is golden, but 'tis twilight's golden gloom.
Blooming her cheek, but 'tis the timid bloom
Of the young peach, the crimson touched with
pale.

That delicate lip doth sigh, and sigh perfume,
But 'tis such humid fragrance as the gale
Wafts from the violet in its dim sequester'd vale.

Yet this is no soft image of the thought—
Tho' genius here has stamped its glorious hand,
This form has not from yon blue Heaven been
brought,

Nor yet gone thither—still the rose is fann'd
With life and love's sweet airs,—the spirit
bland

Still round her makes a little Paradise,
Richer and softer than enchanter's wand
E'er summoned in Earth's wilderness to rise—
Its talisman her heart, its light her starry eyes.
C.

ON THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair modest flower that shunn'st parade,
Whose sweets all other sweets excel,
Oft have I sought thee in the shade,
And watch'd thy slowly opening bell.

In life's fair morn, when I was young,
And sigh'd like others to be gay—
Pale flower! I placed thee near my breast,
And threw the blushing Rose away.

Yet 'twas not hatred that did guide
My infant choice, and move my scorn;
Methought the rose was swoln with pride,
And thou neglected and forlorn.

May pity ever thus prevail,
And softly all my soul incline
To listen to the plaintive tale,
And make the cause of sorrow mine.

And when I see Misfortune sink
'Neath cruel Pride's sarcastic rail,
I'll raise its drooping head, and think
On thee, sweet Lily of the Vale.

Lymington.

E.

THE BLUNDER,

OR THE DANGER OF NEW INVENTIONS.

(The idea taken from the French.)

An Epistle from Richard in Town to Robin in
the Country.

DEAR ROBIN,
You must know cousin Straggle has wander'd to
Town,

Full of country conceit and of rustic renown;
Here he stares without wonder, applauds without
skill,

And takes his due rounds like a horse in a mill.
He has pick'd up his notions and sticks to his
text,

And what he says one day repeats it the next,—
He fancies 'tis good at the play not to laugh;
And when making a purchase, to give but the
half.

Of London he thinks that he knows all the cheats,
And takes no civility met in the streets:—
Once in anger was going to knock a man down,
Who saw that he'd dropt from his pocket a
crown,

And who offer'd politely to give him his own;
But thus being threaten'd, he let it alone.

Surprised by his visit last night at my tea,
When taking his seat and then slapping his knee,
With a pause, which was held 'twixt a laugh
and a grin,
Ere yet he could venture his speech to begin—

"Why, my dear cousin Dick! I have had such
a go!—

I went to the rout the last evening, you know,
And a little time after the end of the dance,
I was lounging about, when I lit on a chance:
Would you guess it, dear boy! why the hand-
somest Lass

Was taking a peep at your friend thro' her glass.
But this is not all—for the fine things she said
Have not for a moment been out of my head—

Spoke in praise of my colour, commended my
shape,
Said something of brightness, which made it's
escape—

But the words of *how lovely! how charming!*
how sweet!

In accents of love 'twas my hap thus to meet.

Who can tell what emotions man thus flatter'd
feels?

I knew not which was upmost, my head or my
heels;

Yet not to be wanting in playing my part,
I made my advances, my hand on my heart,
And attempted a speech—but it stuck in the way,
And I found in the end I had nothing to say;
So dropping the hand which with courage I took,
I made her my bow,—but I gave such a look!

Then went to my lodgings and wrote her a letter,
I scarce think our Parson or you could do better.
She's a very fine fortune, I took care of that,
So I think I have manag'd the business quite
pat"

'Yes! a pat on the head with a bullet may show
How much to your wit this adventure you owe,
For a rival in black or a rival in red,
May soon let you know how your message has
sped.

Here—look thro' this tube, and perceive what
an ass

You have made of yourself—She was praising
but glass!

So a truce to your visions of fancy and hope,
What you took to yourself, was her Kaleidos-
cope.'

But now, my dear Robin, the secret you'll keep,
Or poor cousin Straggle may pay for the peep.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MEETING OF THE CORPS DE BALLET.

We should have been exceedingly sur-
prised had the following Report found its
way into any other publication.

On Sunday evening (there being no par-
ticular rout in the circle of fashion) in con-
sequence of what had transpired elsewhere,
a numerous and respectable Meeting of the
Corps de Ballet, and others attached to the
Opera House, took place in the Green
Room.

Madame Copere was called to the Chair,
which she assumed in a manner peculiarly
graceful; first stretching out her left limb
so as to form a right angle with the perpen-
dicular of her body, inclining both arms
into a curve forming almost a complete

circle, wheeling round with that descrip-
tion of motion which the polite nation de-
nominate a pirouette, and latterly bringing
the toe of her right foot as 'twere into the
inner angle of her left, she came plump into
the seat with an aplomb of the most firm and
graceful dignity. The business was imme-
diately opened by Monsieur Baptiste, who
declared in indifferent Italian, which has
been translated into corresponding English
exclusively for this Journal, that John Bull's
Nobility and Gentlemen had neider de ear
for de music nor de eye for de dance.
Noble Lairs in anoder room had venture to
find fat wit him dance. He vood daunce
wit dem for hunder pound ginies, and
not care goddem for der impertinance,—de
coxcombs to find fat wit him. If de Lor
Hardwig, or de Lor Illsbray, or de Lor
Softone, or de Sieur Furmanteau, or even
de grand Sir Vatcome Vin himself vood
daunce wit him, he vil be joodge by de
generous bubblick. He vas not fear non
one of dem a pas seul, a pirouette, a
coupee, a sarabande, a courante, nor even
a dam vulgar Anglice country daunce. It
vas very fol for Lairs to meddle vit tings
dey know noting about;—de Corps de Bal-
let did not meddle vit de debats in de
Chambers, alto de measure of de Alien
Bill affect der interest ver much more dan
de measure of de daunce affect de inter-
est of de members of de Corps de Par-
liament. He had hear of some fine Latin
vonce vich he vish he could remember,
but it vas meaning dat Cobblers should not
critique any ting but old shoes: * "if any
Lor (added he) presume no more *Je le
ferai danser sans violon.*"

Oscar Byrne extenuated the offence of
the subscribers. He observed, it might be
very well for Monsieur Baptiste to fulfil his
threat, and make noble Lords dance with-
out a fiddle, for thinking that he could not
make other persons dance with a great many;
but for his part he humbly conceived, that as
they paid *les violons*, they had a right, ac-
cording to the proverb, *faire danser*.

The Chair-woman expressed much dis-
pleasure at this sentiment, and declared that
the person who dared to make it in
that assembly was *un homme qui danse sur
la corde*.

Mademoiselle Milanie very softly moved
—a resolution—"That the present Meet-
ing are of opinion, that the state of the
Opera Establishment is worthy the patron-
age it has received!" Carried unanimously.

Mademoiselle le Breton did not pretend
to know any more about the matter than
Lord Sefton, but if the Subscribers com-
plained of M. Baptiste, it was unjust and
ungrateful in them to mass the female per-
formers in their indiscriminate censure,
since it was notorious that ever since the
establishment of the Italian Opera in Lon-
don, they had done every thing in their
power to satisfy the public. She moved,
that a "Committee be appointed to in-
quire into this fact, and communicate with
M. Waters thereon."

* Ne sutor ultra crepidam—we suppose.

Mademoiselle Vole, apparently waking from a sort of magnetic dose, seconded this motion, which was agreed to.

Monsieur Favier condemned in toe-toe the steps taken by the corps of malcontent Subscribers. If foreign talent were treated thus disrespectfully, no persons of genius would honour England with a visit. It was quite absurd in men who were entirely ignorant of dancing expression to hazard opinions on the subject. Poor creatures, whose tastes went no further than to appreciate leaps, friskings, and the twirl-effected domes of short petticoats, had better confine their applause and censures to their proper place, Fops-Alley,* and not expose themselves by discussing merits too exalted for Bæotians to comprehend. *Heavy* themselves, they ought to let *Light* people alone.—*Great applause.*

M. Toussaint moved a vote of thanks to the Chair-woman, which, leaping up, Mr. Hullin begged leave, in a neat address, to second. M. Copere returned thanks in a majestic manner; and in a few seconds the room was cleared, by the whole meeting spinning out of it like so many tetotums, except Baptiste, who chose to spring out by the window. SALTATOR.

* The central space in the Pit of the Opera, so called.

BIOGRAPHY.

We have to announce the death of James Cobb, Esq. many years Secretary to the Honourable East India Company. He died on Thursday morning, 28th of May, at Windsor, in the 64th year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the utmost fortitude and resignation. He possessed no small share of mental acquisitions, and has written and published some things, especially of a dramatic kind, which place his name as a literary character in a very respectable class.

We shall endeavour to procure a biographical memoir of him.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—*Il Matrimonio Segreto* was performed during the last week. The plot is a plagiarism from our *Clandestine Marriage*, which is itself a plagiarism from the French, which is said to have been plundered from the Spanish. Such is the originality of this world. If there could be a general resurrection of authorship, what infinite difficulty there would be in gathering the fragments to their first compound! what fearful dissevering of the corpulent mortality of some bloated sons of fame! and what strange shapes must be impressed upon those segments of the first luckless inventors' intellectuals, after having undergone the assimilation and concoction of so many thousand minds for so many thousand years! But the thing is hopeless, the dead authorship of the earth is buried deeper than the masses of mouldering clay and stripped bone into which man is resolved

by the evolution of his hydrogen; no trumpet can pierce the infinite depths of that bed in which those who spent their lives in tempting the world to slumber, are now themselves bound in cold and dreary sleep. To scribblers there is no second trial, we shall never be reduced to the calamity of seeing the whole mind of the past and the present not able to club together original matter enough to make up one disjointed culprit; we shall not be forced to see in its nakedness the process of vulgar nature taking place in the product of mind, and with all our boastings find that we have been feeding only on the corpses of each other, disguised indeed in the shapes of common nutrition, but not the less the recrements of the past and gone.

There is nothing new under the sun.

We shall not now go into the detail of the Opera. *Lord Ogleby* and the rest find such representatives as the emasculated stage of Italy can find for the spirit of the English. Fodor was the married sister; Garcia, whose voice, style, and acting, are all efforts, but whose face, a most formidable spontaneity of nature, throws them all into the shade, was the husband. Mori, than whom the stage has no more undaunted strutter in petticoats, was the jealous sister; a woman, whom the bills call Signora Garcia, was the aunt; Ambrogetti, the finest comic actor of the foreign stage, the English Nobleman, on whom the Italian scribbler inflicts the nomenclature of *Count Robinson*. The music is extremely pretty, and suitable to the grace and lightness of its composer Cimarosa. It was very well received.

The usual quarrels have haunted the King's Theatre during the week, and the noble and the wealthy have been indignant at what is termed the low state of the performances. We are not yet masters of the subject, and till we are, can desire to give no opinion. But we remember the past days of the Opera, and will acknowledge, that the memory does not tend to make us very hostile to the present. We can perfectly recollect universal complaints before the curtain and behind, the audience hissing the performance, and the performers reprobating the manager—the Opera miserable, and the Company starving. None of those things have occurred since the present management. The Company once complained that the *promises* of salary were the only things magnificent in the House. This is not the case now, and the close of a season in which we have been delighted with the singer or the dancer, does not consign them to the King's Bench; Milanie is not sent to beat her bosom against the bars of her cage like an entrapped dove, nor Fodor to scatter her cadenzas on the prison air. The performers are paid. 'Tis much. The operas too are a matter of memory, and we unquestionably have not seen them so well sustained at any former time. Catalani was a phoenix; but of that fowl the world holds but one at a time, and her price is extravagant to the full folly of

Italian self-sufficiency, bound up with French speculation. For our own estimate we see little to blame beyond the brains of the ballet-master, and a great deal to commend in the zeal of the manager. The opera has supplied us from time to time with a large resource of rational indulgence, and we feel perfectly disposed to thank the diligence and skill by which we have been so gracefully indulged.

Last Saturday a meeting of Subscribers to the Opera House took place at the Thatched House Tavern: Lord Aylesbury was called to the Chair. Some discussion ensued, and the assembly came to certain resolutions, declaring the Serious Opera to be inefficient, and the *Corps de Ballet* to be unworthy of the Theatre, especially as the boxes had been advanced in rent on the plea of procuring the most celebrated continental performers. It was stated that the salaries of the Establishment amounted in 1811, when the boxes were only 300*l.* to 16,875*l.* and in the present year, when they were 336*l.* to only 8,300*l.* Lord Lowther defended Mr. Waters—Mr. Freemantle moved a resolution of censure—Lord Sefton pronounced condemnation upon the Orchestra—Lord Verulam, Lord Hardwicke, and other venerable names, took part in the proceedings, and finally a Committee of several other Lords and Gentlemen were nominated to investigate this important affair!!

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The Finale long anticipated for this unfortunate theatre by every person acquainted with dramatic affairs, has become obvious to the public, as it is inevitable. Having gone through all forms of government; being ruled by Triumviri, Decemviri, elective monarchs and despots, each in their turn imbecile, obstinate, or ignorant of the art and its votaries they had undertaken to direct; being, as it happened, administered by carpenters and clowns, or perhaps less competent Committee-men; torn by internal factions, and domineered over by tyrannical actors, who in blasting the hopes of others forgot their own once humble and hopeless estate; the catastrophe to which such inconsistency and misconduct were sure to lead has arrived. The insolvency of the concern has been proclaimed to the world; and in doing this, there has been an exhibition of meanness only equalled by the arrogance which preceded. At the period when the performers began to take their benefits, viz. last Saturday, a meeting was convened in the Saloon, at which Lords Essex and Yarmouth, Mr. Peter Moore, and others of the Committee of Management, together with most of the *Company* belonging to the theatre, attended. The business was opened by Mr. Moore, who stated in effect, that the receipts had fallen far short of the expenditure, that no favourable change could be expected; that the performers were acknowledged to be the most able performers of Tragedy, Co-

medy, Farce, Pantomime, and Melo-drame, in the universe; that the Committee was the most liberal and disinterested committee that ever was seen, and that, though they knew the actors to be deserving of their salaries, it was expedient, to prevent the shutting up of the house, that every one who had above 4*l.* per week should make an abatement, in proportion to the amount, of one fourth, one third, and, where very great, of one half.

The bare mention of *half price* struck consternation into the souls of the *Company*. Lord Yarmouth imagined that eulogizing their talents would restore them to something like equanimity, and made a speech accordingly; but, much as they loved praise, and what actor is indifferent to that flattering unctio*n*? nothing could at this time obliterate Mr. Moore's fearful proposition. Huge uproar ensued, and the Shaksperian dictum,

He that steals my purse steals trash,
'Twas something—nothing—

was as if it had never been spoken. Mr. Dowton made a very foolish speech, declaring that he would not give up a farthing of his salary, and that he did not think Noblemen and people of rank superior either in feeling or judgment to other men. Several modes of compromise were started and rejected: the Managing Committee were *bowled out*, and the *Company*, left alone, decided, by about 30 ayes to half a dozen of noes, to dismiss their masters. The Understrappers tried to overturn this determination of the Magnates, but

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.

Thus ended this doughty meeting; and the public, which is so nearly concerned in the process, cannot chuse but indulge in sundry cogitations thereon. As for us, we only criticise the acted drama; and having no observations to offer on this extra Piece, we shall merely throw out a few hints which may serve others in forming a judgment.

The theatre is ruined—it is 82,000*l.* in debt, and is playing to a loss of 100*l.* nightly. There must be causes for this tremendous declension, which give the "lie circumstantial and direct" to every play-bill manifest issued about overflowing houses for the last six months. In seeking them we may perhaps light on suppositions which it would be well to have explained if they are founded in truth.

It may be supposed that the supreme managment was lodged in incompetent hands; that the chief director, a respectable and well-meaning, but hard-headed person, possessed sufficiency of intellect to know that any imputation of taste or genius cast upon him could only be meant as an insult, and that consequently he was most unfit for a station requiring not merely common clearness of judgment, but great intelligence, literature of a particular kind, and a refined taste as well as critical acumen of the highest order.

It may be supposed that, conscious of incapacity, such a person might chuse a sort

of little court of satellites to assist him in pronouncing upon the dramatic productions sent to the theatre. This court might consist of the Clown in the pantomimes, the Carpenter, the Bill-printer, or the Bill-sticker, and other *gentlemen* alike calculated to be content with the subordinate parts allotted to them, without aspiring to be co-kings of Brentford with the great man.

It may be supposed that the acting manager had little or no authority, and that leading actors did exactly what they pleased. Thus after bad plays resulted from the first *aristocratic* tribunal, the quality of having them badly cast, would emanate from the second ungovernable democracy.

It may be supposed that any principal performer might like to appear, as Bottom did, in all the principal characters—dislike pieces that had *two* such—refuse to act with men of genius who were too tall, or ladies of talent who were too long; and by various caprices of this description, succeed at length in having at least one whole department of the drama to himself, without a rival who could take away one iota of popular applause. Thus we would come to *Monodramas* instead of *Tragedies*.

It may be supposed that there were many rulers, much intrigue, a perfect system of favouritism, much jealousy and clashing of pretensions, and everlasting squabbles. Thus we would have the best actors on the London boards *shelved*, suspended, and dismissed, and their characters assigned to the veriest drudges of provincial mediocrity.

It may be supposed that the supporters of the theatre were disgusted; the periodical press, that powerful 'nest of hornets,' needlessly offended; share-holders refused accommodations which were lavished on the minions of those in office; that beggarly solicitations and haughty insolence were the extremes of the management without a medium;—and putting all these suppositions together, with other particulars too tedious to mention, it may then be further supposed that the dramas brought out would be of the worst kind, that the performances would be deplorably bad, that the house would be astonishingly empty, and the season close with a bankruptcy.

It is perhaps a satisfactory thing to the numerous lovers of dramatic entertainments, that the affairs of Drury Lane have come to a crisis. It is to be hoped that being now compelled to throw off the load of managing Noblemen and Gentlemen, the theatre may pass under the charge of men acquainted with the nature of the business entrusted to them—that authority may be lodged in firm and impartial hands to put an end to unjust exclusions, and bring fairly before the Metropolis the abilities so widely scattered throughout the country. Then, and not till then, the friends of Old Drury will be gratified in seeing her and the profession prosper, as most heartily we wish them to do.

A Second Meeting of Proprietors took place on Tuesday, but disclosed no matter not already touched upon, except the delu-

sion of imagining that a bill might be passed in Parliament which would raise up creditors mad enough to lend Drury Lane Theatre money on its own securities!!!

It occurs to us to notice, that before calling on the performers to surrender their acknowledged moderate incomes, the Duke of Bedford might have been entreated to abate one half of the 3000*l.* rent of the house for a short period, and several other measures might have suggested themselves very dissimilar to this unhandsome proceeding, so injurious to all the higher class of actors, and so utterly ruinous to the inferior orders.

PERFORMANCES.—This being the season of Benefits, there has been great variety in the performances during the week, and a constant fire of novelty and attraction has been kept up for private interests, which, if maintained throughout the year for general interests, would leave no deficiencies in the theatrical treasury. At DRURY LANE, on Monday, Mr. Kean attempted the part of King John for the first time—it was a marked failure—so was the play altogether. On Tuesday, the Honeymoon was respectably performed: On Wednesday, Miss Kelly took her benefit with Ince and Yarico, and had a good house, and nobody to shoot at her. On Thursday, King John was repeated, on which our remarks are deferred, as dramatic affairs already occupy a fair proportion of our publication; and yesterday the Beaux Stratagem was revived.

At COVENT GARDEN, Douglas was performed with a very strong cast, for the benefit of Miss O'Neill, who played Lady Randolph for the first time, without establishing it as one of her most successful characters. Of her Maria, in the farce of the Citizen, we shall merely say it was an agreeable variety. On Wednesday, Mr. C. Kemble played Benedict in Much Ado about Nothing, for his benefit—we cannot recollect an equal representative of the part. Last night, trusting to the great esteem in which he is deservedly held, to fill the theatre, Mr. Young took the worn-out Pizarro and Bluebeard for his benefit, and was not disappointed.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

Intelligence from India of an agreeable kind has arrived during the week. The war, in so far as the Marhattas are concerned, seems to be almost satisfactorily concluded, as the Peishwa is the only branch of the confederacy unsubdued. Holkar submitted after his defeat;—the Berar Rajah surrendered;—Scindiah remained quiet;—and there only remains, as we have said, the beaten Peishwa, and the restless hordes of Pindarrees to be reduced. The latter must be greatly augmented by the

fugitives from Holkar, &c. and will, we fear, cost much laborious marching, at least before they are finally subjugated.

A treaty has been concluded with the Netherlands, providing for the abolition of the Slave Trade by that Country in eight months.

The Alien Bill has passed through the Lords, and been sent back to the Commons with an important amendment, touching a newly discovered mode of naturalization by the Bank of Scotland, which would have defeated the whole Act.—Sir F. Burdett has made his customary Reform Motion in the lower house; the amelioration of the system on which the education of the lower orders is conducted, and several other legislative measures of great utility, have also been discussed and respectively forwarded.

Her Majesty has so far recovered as to be able to take the air in her garden-chair. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were remarried on Monday; the Prince and Princess of Hesse-Homburg have gone to Brighton on their route to the Continent; and the Duke of Kent has arrived a thriving wooer at the residence of the Princess of Minin-gen, the sister of Prince Leopold.

VARIETIES.

The University of Upsal in Sweden contains at present 1267 students, fifty of whom are from 30 to 35 years of age. The majority of the professors are paid in corn.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF MARCHMONT.—Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bedside a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at? He answered, 'I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones!' He was 84 years of age, and very thin.

NEW SPECIES OF POOR'S RATES.—Since 1807 there has been a tax of about six shillings and eightpence per annum upon every Nightingale kept as a singing bird, at Munster in Germany. The produce goes to the relief of the poor.

A celebrated dissenting Div ne wishing to obtain a degree of Doctor, from Trinity College, Dublin, applied to the late Professor Porson for a recommendatory testimony of his qualifications, which he gave him in the following terms: 'I believe Mr. — to be a very fit candidate for a degree in an Irish University.' His friend had no sooner thanked him and retired, than turning to the writer of this article, Mr. Porson said, 'He does not see the joke that I have passed upon him; I did not say of an English, but of an Irish University.'

HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.—Lady C— was rallying the Turkish Ambassador concerning the Alcoran's permitting each Musulman to have many wives. 'Tis true, Madam,' replied the Turk; 'and it permits it, that the husband may, in several, find the various accomplishments which many Englishwomen, like your Ladyship, singly possess.'

THE CASTLE OF PALUZZI.—It was at the Theatre de l'Ambigu, at Paris, that le Chateau de Paluzzi was originally produced in April last. A Parisian journal, after noticing the device of the mirror, to shew the murder, and the mingled screams of the Countess Salvati and the Chevalier Merida, says, 'the act terminates with the fatal oath over the corpse, and the curtain falls in order to allow time for the women to faint. If this success continues, as there is every reason to believe it will, the manager must take care to attach to the theatre an apothecary and a physician consummately skilful in the art of curing spasmodic disorders.'

There is a very good portrait of Talma, engraved by Meyer, from an original painting by J. P. Davis, in the frontispiece of the European Magazine for May. The likeness is young and handsome.

EPITAPHS.

ON GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS,

By Captain Thompson.

A Second Alexander here lies dead,
And not less fam'd—at taking off a head.

Reader! pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme,
For what I am this cumbersome clay ensures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.
Peterborough Church-yard.

SIR, Gravesend, 27 May, 1818.

On the window of the Falcon Hotel, where I am now housed, is the following distich:

Absent or dead, still let your friend be dear:
A sigh the absent claim;—the dead a tear.

I also observed against the wall of the New Inn, and facing a bowling-green at the back of it, on a plain stone tablet, the record of a *bowling hero*, whereof the subsequent lines are a transcript:

To the memory
of Mr. Alderman Nyun,
An honest Man, and an excellent Bowler.
Cuique est sua Fama.

Full forty long years was the Alderman seen,
The delight of each Bowler, and king of this Green:

As long be remembered his art and his name,
Whose hand was unerring,—unrivalled his fame.
His BIAS was good, and he always was found
To go the right way, and take enough ground.
The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send,
For the Alderman lov'd a full-length at each end.
Now mourn ev'ry eye that has seen him display
The arts of the Game, and the wiles of his Play,

For the great Bowler, DEATH, at one critical cast,
Has ended his Length, and close rubb'd him at last.

F. W. posuit. MDCCCLXXVI.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
S.

The French are varying the Kaleidoscope in every possible mode. One artist announces the addition of *sentiment* to this *joujou*, which he names a *Policonoscope*, and fills with shade portraits of *dear beings*: another calls his the *Transfigurateur*, and furnishes bouquets, flower baskets, fruits, &c.

The great hospital for the sick, in Paris, is called l'Hotel Dieu, literally, 'the House of God.' A Gascon was carried there; and as he was thought to be in danger of death, one of his friends asked him, if he had made his peace with God? 'I suppose so,' replied the sick Gascon, 'for you see he has given me a room and a bed in his house.'

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

VALUABLE MS.

A letter from Florence mentions, that there is in the Laurentian Library a very curious Manuscript, containing the remarks of Cosmo the Third upon England, written during his travels in this country about the middle of the 17th century, illustrated by a number of drawings, executed by a painter whom he carried with him. The writer of the letter has seen the MS. which he describes as "an enormous volume, bound in red Morocco, and opening lengthwise. It contains a great number of drawings in Indian Ink, of different cities, and towns, and remarkable buildings, &c. in England, as they appeared to the eyes of Cosmo the Third and his painter, in 1669. On the pages opposite to each drawing are Cosmo's remarks upon the place drawn; and a regular journal is carried on through the whole volume regarding the places which he visited, the remarkable persons with whom he met and conversed, and his remarks upon men and things." We hope this work will find its way to the English press;—should it not, further particulars of it are contained in the Edinburgh Magazine (*Constable's*) for May, whence we have copied this notice.

We are desired to state that Messrs. Longman and Co. will publish on Friday, the 12th inst. Mr. Morier's second Journey through Persia, between the years 1810 and 1816, in royal 4to. with maps, coloured Costumes, &c.; Mrs. Opie's new Tales, in 4 vols. 12mo.; Travels in Canada, and the United States of America, 1816 and 1817, by F. Hall, Esq. late Military Secretary to General Wilson, Governor in Canada; and the Family Shakspeare, by Thomas Bowdler, Esq. in 10 vols. royal 18mo. Also, on Saturday the 20th inst. Colonel Johnson's

Narrative of an Overland Journey from India, through Persia, Armenia, Georgia, over the Caucasus, &c. &c. in 4to. with Plates, &c.; An Autumn near the Rhine, in 1 vol. 8vo.; and the Physiognomist, a Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo. by the Author of the Bachelor and Married Man.

We are requested to state that the following interesting Works have been recently published by Mr. Colburn, Conduit Street, viz.

1. Memoirs of the celebrated John Evelyn, author of the Sylva, &c. written by himself;—2. Horace Walpole's Correspondence with George Montague, Esq.—3. Franklin's Life, by himself, octavo edition;—4. Authentic Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte;—5. Letters of a Prussian Traveller, by John Bramsen, Esq.—6. Pananti and Blaquiere's Narrative of a Residence in Algiers;—7. Account of the French Expedition to Senegal, and Shipwreck of the Medusa;—8. Madame de Stael's Life of her Father;—9. Capt. Golownin's Narrative of his Captivity in Japan;—10. Count Stendhal's Travels in Italy;—11. Third Edition of Lady Morgan's France;—12. Woman, a Poem, by E. S. Barrett, Esq.—13. Memoires et Correspondance de Madame d'Epinay; and, 14. Zuma, by Madame de Genlis.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY.

Thursday, 22—Thermometer from 40 to 66. Barometer from 30, 40 to 30, 37.

Wind N. and N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally clear.

Friday, 29—Thermometer from 45 to 60.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 34.

Wind N. and N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning and evening cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 30—Thermometer from 41 to 58.

Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 23.

Wind N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day clear.

Sunday, 31—Thermometer from 35 to 70.

Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 14.

Wind NWbN. and SW. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

JUNE.

Monday, 1—Thermometer from 48 to 72.

Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 19.

Wind NW. N. and WbS. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 2—Thermometer from 54 to 78.

Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 20.

Wind WbS. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

Wednesday, 3—Thermometer from 47 to 78.

Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 28.

Wind WbS. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have the pleasure of informing our Readers, that just as our paper was going to press, we received another part of the Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Austrian Archdukes, which we shall insert in our ensuing Numbers.

The conclusion of the Life of Niebuhr is unavoidably postponed.

Mr. Cox, on the newly discovered and exquisite Statue among the Elgin Marbles, in our next.

We have not seen the article E. M. R. recommends; but at any rate we are averse from copying much from other Journals, as our object is to present an original epitome of the Literature, Arts, and Sciences of the time, rather than merely to entertain by selections, however curious, from old Works.

TO THE PUBLIC.

. The unexampled success of the *Literary Gazette* has, as was to be expected, excited competition and imitation: to the former, we can have no objection; and of the latter, we shall only say, that it would be more becoming in rival haberdashery than in rival literature. Our Publication is translated nearly verbatim, and published under another name in Paris; and its appearance is already accurately copied in London, under the nearest approaching titles and forms which the law allows. We mention these facts for only one purpose: to prevent our friends and the public from being imposed upon by one work externally resembling another. Let each depend upon its own merits,—we are perfectly satisfied with the encouragement which our labours have received, augmenting our circulation rapidly every day to our latest Number of Saturday last.—Our Readers, we are sure, will acknowledge, that never was

there a Journal which has more guardedly shunned the semblance of puffing and quackery. We aimed at a higher rank and character; and many productions of difficult attainment, of heavy expense, and, we hope, of extraordinary interest, have appeared in our pages, without one syllable of self-commendation. Indeed we have often been told, that we ought to have 'displayed' (i.e. panegyricized) such and such articles; but we trusted to the discernment of the public to appreciate what deserved approbation, and we have not been disappointed. Were it simply our design to produce a miscellany for temporary amusement, we could as well as others sift volumes for entertaining scraps, and vamp those things as original which, though the few would detect to be borrowed, would pass current with the many, and gain us their applause. But our object is to present, as far as such a publication permits, a general view of the literature of the times, point attention to modern improvements in science, draw the picture of existing arts, and reflect in a mirror of truth those events which merit the observation of the present race, as they will deserve the attention of posterity. In executing this task, it is our earnest endeavour to mingle the agreeable with the useful; and besides the pleasant matter which good works yield in Reviews, we usually devote a considerable portion of our space to the lighter topics of the day. In other respects, it is as unnecessary as it would be unpleasant for us to boast of our exertions: we will only state that no publication in Great Britain has taken so much pains to collect every thing valuable in foreign literature;—that none has so promptly, nor so largely, reviewed the issues of the press, during the period we have been established;—and that none has been more distinctly and greatly favoured by the voluntary contributions of distinguished writers. Pursuing the same course, and assured of the same co-operation, we beg to refer to the contents of our first volume (for 1817,) and upon its variety and importance as an epitome of the arts, science, literature, biography, and manners of an era full of interest, rest our claim to a continuation and increase of the patronage the *Literary Gazette* has obtained.

It is proper to notice that the *LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE*, price *sd.* is, with merely the political paragraph omitted, a transcript of this Paper, and printed without the *sd.* stamp, which is required to enable us to send by post into the country. This is the sole difference between the Shilling and Eightpenny publications, the one being only lower priced than the other, because for Town circulation a stamp is unnecessary.